

THE LIBERATOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 25, CORNHILL.
HENRY W. WILLIAMS, GENERAL AGENT.
All remittances are to be made, and all letters
relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to
be directed, (post paid,) to the General Agent.
TERMS.—\$2 50 per annum, payable in ad-
vance; or \$3 00 at the expiration of six months.
Five copies will be sent to one address for ten
copies, if payment be forwarded in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS making less than a square
inserted three times for 75 cts.; one square for \$1 00.
Financial Committee.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELLIS
GOS. LOVING, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS,
WILLIAM PHILLIPS. [This committee is responsible
only for the financial economy of the paper.]

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.
VOL. XV.—NO. 1.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

Here is the testimony of a slaveholding Whig to the pro-slavery villany of Northern Democracy.
From the Mason Telegraph Extra.
NORTHERN WHIGS AND DEMOCRATS.

We call attention to the following correspondence between Messrs. Hunter and others, and Col. S. T. Bailey. We trust the Whigs of Georgia, who con-
gratulated themselves on the victory obtained in
Vermont, will peruse it with care.
Col. Bailey is well known in the District and Cir-
cuit, as a prominent and talented lawyer of the Bar,
and has hitherto been a member of the Whig party.

Macon, 30th Sept. 1844.
DEAR SIR: We learn that you have recently re-
turned from a protracted visit to the North, and
while there, met with some difficulty in reclaiming
a fugitive slave. May we trespass upon your at-
tention for a brief statement of the embarrassments
under which you labored, and a history of the per-
sonal peril you encountered in the reclamation of
your property. You will readily perceive that the
subject in addressing you this note, is to re-
ceive from a reliable source, the true position of the Whig
and Democratic parties at the North, in regard to
the great and absorbing question of abolition.
A Georgian by adoption, and identified as you
are with the South, in all the interests of a perma-
nent citizen, and so extensively known throughout
our limits, your statement cannot fail to carry with
it a most salutary influence.
Respectfully your friends,
SAMUEL B. HUNTER,
WM. SOLOMON,
A. P. POWERS,
H. K. GREEN,
D. C. CAMPBELL,
ROBERT COLLINS.

Col. S. T. Bailey, Vineville.

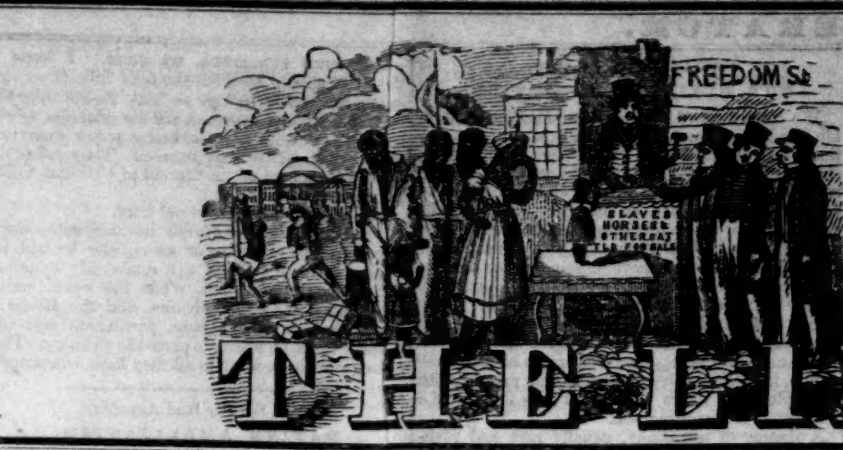
VINEVILLE, 1st Oct. 1844.
GENTLEMEN:—Your note reached me last night,
requiring a statement of the trials and perils which
I encountered this summer at the North, and the
position of the two great political parties, touching
abolition. It would require too much time and
space to detail half the striking incidents which
occurred in the affair to which you allude. Briefly
my servant was seduced away from my sick fam-
ily during my absence in Canada; I having left
him in Vermont. I ascertained on my return in
what part of the country she was concealed. I went
with a friend, and retook her, and conveyed her to
Baltimore. I was greeted there by the abolitionists,
Rhode Island and Connecticut, by the abolitionists,
with the energy of bloodhounds, but was saved by
a corresponding energy and vigilance of a few faith-
ful friends. On my return to my family in Ver-
mont, myself and friend were arrested on a charge
of kidnapping, punishable in that State with ten
years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Demons
from hell could not have manifested more ferocious
malice than the gang who arrested us, and yet the
majority of those who aided and took a part in the
prosecution, did not profess to be abolitionists. Af-
ter a tedious trial, we were discharged on the ground
that we had not been proved to have taken a part
away against her will, and therefore no kidnapping.
In this affair the difference in the conduct of the
Whigs and Democrats was most striking. The lat-
ter came in from a distance even from New-Hamp-
shire, although most of them strangers to me, and
gave attendance, loud and deep, to their own abhor-
rence and detestation of the infamous proceedings. Those
from New-Hampshire, swore that no southern gen-
tlemen could be treated thus in their State, while
the Whigs, with a few honorable exceptions, stood
coldly aloof, or directly aided in the prosecution.
One of my relatives, a member of the Democratic
Church, informed me that when he was attempted
to vindicate me to the members of his church, they
would utter one united voice of condemnation, and
yet he, as well as they, were Whigs. Indeed, I
found throughout the New-England and Middle
States, a deep-rooted hatred of slaveholders amongst
the mass of the whole Whig party. I travelled
throughout all those States, and watched with an
anxious desire to learn the truth. I travelled in-
co, as far as practicable, that they might not know I
was a southerner, and thus give free scope to
their minds without infringing on the rules
of politeness, and I came to a settled conviction in
my own mind, that a majority of the Democratic
party at the North are the warm friends of the
South, and that a majority of the Whigs there are
our enemies—that a large majority of the abolition-
ists are from the Whig ranks, no honest man at the
North pretends to deny. But that there are many
abolitionists from the Democratic ranks, and many
good friends among the Whigs, is just as certain.
This state of things is a source of great anxiety
to the Democratic party at the North, with few ex-
ceptions, the same that sustained the country during
the last war, while nearly all the leaders of the
Whigs in New-England are the old Federalists of
the worst school. The Democrats retain all their
ancient hatred of British arrogance and aggression,
and therefore when the British slander us, they feel
an people, or aggress upon their rights, they feel it
an insult to themselves as Americans, while the
Federalists side with England, and join in her slan-
ders of the southern people.
I trust, gentlemen, I have sufficiently answered
your questions. It is with reluctance that I have
answered you—nothing but the rules of politeness
has drawn forth this answer—a civil question de-
mands a reply. I do not desire to be drawn into
the disturbing current of politics; all I ask, is to be
permitted, as heretofore, to glide along in an hum-
ble station, where others worry each other like dogs
on the political arena; and while I shall neither seek
office nor set myself up as a teacher of political sci-
ence, I shall claim the privilege of voting with whomever
I may honestly believe will best secure the
interests and safety of the South. But, gentlemen, al-
low me in conclusion, to quote from the speech of
the Hon. Rufus Choate, Senator from Massachu-
setts, delivered before the Clay Club of Boston, in
August last:

"Does he recollect how vast a change the senti-
ments of civilization have undergone on that whole
subject (slavery) since 1820? Does he remember
that in that learning, the world has been older than
it was then? Can he not read the gath-
ering signs of the times? Does he not mark the
blazing characters traced by the bodiless hand as in
the unfinished picture? Does he not remember
what the nations have done, and what especially
what England has done within twenty years? Does
he not see and feel that, in that interval, a public
opinion has been generated, has been organized
which men, aggressive, intolerant of the right, in-
tolerant of the cry of man in chains?"

Here, gentlemen, you have embodied the
prime sentiments of the Whig party of the North,
and some of the Democrats of the North. And he
must be blind indeed who can travel, and carry any
considerable length of time at the North, and not
read the gathering signs of the times; nor see "the
bodiless hand on the wall." And if I might be per-
mitted without arrogance, I would beseech the
southern South to by aside their party warfare and
squabble for office, and unite their best counsels
for the common good, and to provide for their future
safety, before "the bodiless hand" writes their ir-
revocable doom. The time is surely coming, when
they cannot rely on either Whigs or Democrats at
the North, and when that day comes, happy it will
be for them, if they have provided means of self-
reliance.

I remain, gentlemen,
Respectfully yours, &c.
S. T. BAILEY.

Messrs. Hunter, and others.



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1845.

THE KING OF THE SOUTH.

A BALLAD, (NOT IN PERCY,) EDITED, AND AWFULLY DEDICATED TO GENERAL QUATTLEBUM. BY A YANKEE.

There lived a King once in the South;
A terrible man was he,
There came not a syllable out of his mouth
But was bigger than his cog; he;
No dictionary could state the drouth
Of his thirsty dignity.

His talk was of nothing but guns and drums,
And his own unequalled might;
He thought no man worthy to pick up the crumbs
Of his valor in talk or fight—
The bare name of his General Quattlebums
Would put an army to flight.

This valorous monarch was small in size,
But nature had given him instead,
Such a thundering tongue as would jeopardize
A less electric head;
There was something that seemed to d—n your eyes
In the midst of word he said.

He knew but little of geography,
For he had a kind of notion,
That his kingdom was all the sun could see
In looking from ocean to ocean—
And indeed, that to warm his half a pea,
The sun was kept in motion.

He sat on a throne of flesh and bone,
Like his cousin, the King of Dahomy;
And said he, "I feel right, when I hear the groan
Of the living black mass below me;
They may writhe, and struggle, and gasp, and moan,
But they cannot overthrow me!"

Now there was a country northward of his,
Though luckily he got no word of it,
Or his eagle armies had swooped, ere this,
And made a mere chip-bird of it;
They were working folk there, and 'twas well for their bliss
That he could not tell to have heard of it.

Some traveller had told him there was such a place,
But he would not believe it was true;
Not live on their neighbors—and white in the face?
They might as well swear they were blue!
Then he quoted bad Latin, and said a loud grace,
And sat down to a cannibal feast.

Now this working people did trade in ships,
And some of them chanced to be brought
Where the mighty monarch sat licking his lips,
In an ecstasy of thought—
For he'd just invented a new kind of whips,
That would peel a man's flesh as they ought.

Now he thought he could try them as well on the skins
Of those low trading folks from the East,
More especially as he beheld in their skins
The undoubted mark of the beast;
So he turns up his coat-sleeves, and straightway begins
To enjoy a true-Abolition feast.

"He was sorry to trouble 'em, but then 'twas a fact,
That his skill, if unaided, would keep 'em ill;
And still, as the lash would about them and crack'd,
He called them the luckiest people.
For a man was never so much to be whack'd,
As a church without a steeple."

But they, being working folk, never could look on it
In the same kind of chivalrous light,
And when they got home, they so foolishly took on it,
And deemed to be proper and right
To send a strict express to the monarch to say,
To open his majesty's sight;

A respectable man, who, like pure mathematics,
Could convince without giving offence;
Who had nothing to do with your crazy fanatics,
Who had jumped on the wrong side of the fence,
Who live in back streets, up in garrets and attics,
To annoy men of sound common sense.

But the King was indignant; he 'wanted to know
What they sent their plebeian down there for?
He would flog whom he liked, whether friend or foe,
Without giving a why or a wherefore;
If they did not look sharp, he would hang him to show
The worst of 'em had to prepare for."

He ordered General Quattlebum
To march, with his army behind him;
But the General played sick, and could not come,
And hid where they could not find him;
The having made friends with a half pint of rum,
And hearing the enemy's force, he twirled thumb
And swore that he did not mind him.

So he gathered some ten thousand warriors or more,
And, keeping behind 'em himself, he
Drove 'em at last to the very inn's door
Where the 'Agent' was laid on the shelf. He
Then sent out to tell the Ambassador
That, if he wasn't gone in a half hour more,
He would blow him to Philadelphia!

Not liking this very cheap method of travel,
And caring to make no resistance,
And thinking the skin he had got to unravel
Could be done just as well at distance,
The Ambassador 'thanked him, but preferred to scratch gravel,
Without his ingenious assistance."

So, pulling up stakes, he gave them the slip
Before they had time to draw trigger;
And the General, down to each finger-tip,
Felt valiant and bigger;
He treated his men to a gallon of flip,
And, having nobody else to whip,
Went home and whipped a small nigger.
(Explicit *pro prima*.)

"No person better calculated to do good in this position could have been selected. Mr. Hoar is a man
of high character, much respected in this community, both as a man and a lawyer. His high standing
will be recognized elsewhere, as he will be remembered as the Representative of the Middlesex District,
in the House of Representatives of the United States. Prejudice never cannot connect his mission with
financial scheming or mischievous agitation. He goes under the authority of the Commonwealth, to in-
vestigate the facts with regard to the alleged oppression of our citizens, to see that their rights are main-
tained, and to attempt to put the questions which restrict those rights under the laws of South Carolina,
into such a form that they may be adjudged by the courts of the United States, and the constitutional-
ity of those laws may be tested. We rejoice that the government have secured the service of such a
man; that while the rights and interests of our citizens, no undo and unnecessary ill-feeling
or prejudice need be excited.—Boston Daily Advertiser."

"This twaddling, cowardly, pro-slavery editor of the Advertiser must, by this time, be satisfied that his
endorsement of Mr. Hoar's pro-slavery and conservative character is good for nothing in S. C.—Lib.

SOUTH CAROLINA. MAJOR QUATTLEBUM.
We are not a little amused at the many chivalric evolutions performed by the 'gallant' State of
South Carolina. Its recent legislative gasconade has struck us as being worthy of a remark or two.
And, first, as to her unadulterated democracy—[we use that much-abused word in its modern political
sense]—suppose the inhabitants of that State were so thoroughly democratic as to allow all male
adults to vote at election, without regard to complexion, would not the political complexion of their
Legislature be somewhat different from what it is at present?

Second—As South Carolina is so fond of walking on stilts, and dictating to her sister States—and is
so utterly selfish as to be unable to sleep two in a bed, without grumbling with her neighbor—why
would it not be judicious for Congress to pass a resolution, allowing her to withdraw from the Union?
She might then crow on her own dung-hill, marshal her troops under the redoubtable Major Quattle-
bum, and fight 'till the last armed foe expires.' She might then indulge her pugnacious propensities
to her heart's content. She might build as many windmills as she pleased, and blaze away at them till
all her gun was expended.

This plan, if adopted, would leave the other States to enjoy themselves in peace, and allow the 'chivalry',
in dignified exclusiveness, to blow their own trumpet till they cracked their cheeks, or were
blown themselves. There would be no one to harm, or make them afraid, and an admiring world
would look on and listen.

Major Jeremiah Quattlebum, the chivalry might cry,
While Jeremiah Quattlebum, the hills would all reply.
We respectfully call the attention of Congress to this subject.—New-York Mirror.



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1845.

DISUNION.

GLASGOW EMANCIPATION SOCIETY—AMERICAN SLAVERY—FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

From the Glasgow Argus of Nov. 21.
NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS—NOR FELLOWSHIP WITH PRO-SLAVERY MINISTERS OR CHURCHES.

On Monday evening, a public meeting of the mem-
bers and friends of the Glasgow Emancipation Soci-
ety was held in the City Hall, to renew their pro-
test against the reception, by the Free Church of
Scotland, of contributions from American slavehold-
ers; to review the deliverance of the Assembly's
Commission in relation to fellowship with pro-slavery
churches and ministers; and to memorialize all de-
nominations of Christians against such fellowship,
and their admission into British pulpits. The hall
was well filled with a highly respectable audience.
[On the platform were several of the clergy of Glas-
gow, and various distinguished friends of emancipa-
tion—among them, the two Scottish standard-bear-
ers, William Smell and John Murray, and also Hen-
ry C. Wright of the United States, who made a very
able speech on the occasion.] On motion of Dr.
Watson, Councillor Turner was called to the chair.

The Rev. Dr. RITCHIE, of Edinburgh, moved the
first resolution. "After a few preliminary charac-
teristics, showing that this was strictly a religious
question, he said:—It is declared by the great
Searcher of hearts, that the heart is deceitful above
all things, and desperately wicked;—who can
know it—who can anticipate its errors, its trespasses,
its defences of trespass, its apologies for holding
it iniquity, and refusing to let it go? If ever I
saw a case in which this has manifested itself, it
is the history of slavery, in its introduction, in its
defence, in its palliations; in the last effort of its
interested supporters to gain time, and to push from
them that, as they think, evil day, when the rod of
oppression is to be wrenched from their hand, and
the exultations of humanity, broken in pieces.
(Cheers.) O, when shall the slaveholder's ears be
stopped—when shall his heart be opened—when
shall he be made to hear the voice of the Governor
and Judge of the world! 'Whoso covereth his
sins shall not prosper; but they that confesseth and
forsaketh them, shall find mercy.' On the arena of
slavery, the good and evil principle have been long
engaged, and each has given ample manifestation
of its nature, and desire, and aim. The right-
eous man is grieved by the display of truth,
and mercy, and perseverance, and self-denial on
the part of the abolitionist, steadfast and immov-
able, and always abounding, as he has been, in this
work of the Lord. Again, how plain, and fearful,
and cunning, and self-contradictory, and vengeful,
and mean, have been the manifestations on the slave-
holder's part, in refusing to loose the bonds of the
oppressed prisoner, for forty long, and dreary,
and hope-deferred years, did he refuse to hear the
exhortation of man—to read the testimony of Pro-
vidence—the remonstrance of conscience from within
—and, in conclusion, he had to be bribed by the
gold of men better than himself, to do his first vir-
ginal act of bare justice and humanity; nor could he,
with this consent, let to his victim without a bad
live him with his venomous tongue, and with his
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
placating, (Cries of Shame!) Well, Sir, when we
in our faith or simplicity, imagined that we heard
the admonition angel say, 'It is done!' and were,
amid joyous congratulations, putting off our ar-
mor, behold, here we are again beating to arms,
that we may destroy the destroyer. Sir, have the
denunciations of the seraphic tongue, and the
pl

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEFFERSON AND TEXAS. The McDuffie and
Ingersoll annexationists should read the following
extract from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson
to Mr. Nichols in 1804:

"When I consider that the limits of the United States are precisely fixed by the treaty of 1783, that the Constitution expressly declares itself to be made for the United States, and that the intention of the framers of the United States, I cannot help believing that the intention was not to permit Congress to add territory to the Union new States which should be formed out of the territory for which, and under whose authority they were admitted, I cannot help believing that I do not believe it was meant that they might be admitted into England, Ireland, Holland, (Texas?) &c. into it."

Now what will the babblers of Jeffersonian Democracy say to this? Was JEFFERSON a fool, or a knave? Unless he was one or the other, this extract from his letter should be received as a rebuke to the advocates of the vile scheme of annexing foreign territory to the United States.—*Richmond Democrat.*

OHIO. The resolutions introduced into the Legislature of Ohio, against the annexation of Texas to the Union, were passed in the House of Representatives, on the 11th inst., by a vote of yeas 38, nays 11. The substance of the resolutions are stated as follows, by the Columbus Journal:

"The resolutions protest against any proceeding by the government of the United States, or any

referred, having for its object the annexation of Texas, because, first, such proceeding would be unconstitutional; second, it would involve our country in a war with Mexico without a just cause; third, it would make our country liable for the debts of Texas without any sufficient indemnity; and fourth, because it would involve us in the guilt, and subject our country to the reproach of cherishing, sustaining and perpetrating the evils of slavery."

SOUTH CAROLINA. A contemporary says of the law of South Carolina prohibiting free colored persons from coming to that State from other States: 'We have understood that the law complained of by Massachusetts has never been enforced in respect to British vessels.'

The New-Orleans Courier on the other hand says: 'The British Minister some years ago protested against the confinement of some negroes belonging to a vessel of that nation in Charleston—but he became satisfied that their confinement was not incompatible with the laws of the State. In consequence, he abandoned the question; and British subjects, being colored, are still imprisoned whenever they have the misfortune to plant their feet within the limits of our Carolina.' [Doubted.]

MORE TROUBLE BREWING. From the tone of a number of the New-Orleans Courier, we are led to believe that the Hon. Henry Hubbard, who has been appointed Agent of Massachusetts, to reside at New-Orleans, will meet with no better reception there than our worthy citizen, Mr. Hoar, met in Charleston. The Courier warns him to keep away, and concludes in the words of Shakespeare: "He will not happen to broach his abolition doctrine here, he will

and a good chance of keeping company in the same building with his black fellow-citizens of Massachusetts."—*Merc. Jour.*

[THE SEVERAL of our Southern exchanges think very differently of the course of Massachusetts from South Carolina. The Richmond Whig, in alluding to the language in relation to the recent expulsion of Mr. Hoar:

"That any person but our most excellent fellow-citizens of South Carolina could have apprehended any danger to the Hon. H. Hoar, *limited to the maintenance of judicial proceeding for testing a constitutional question by the supreme judicial authority, is incredible to our minds.* These proceedings appear to us precipitate, unworthy the dignity of South Carolina, disrespectful to a sister and sovereign State, and injurious to all the slaveholding States, as inevitably calculated to promote abolitionism at the North—already, since the occurrence of recent events, assuming a more lofty tone, and mustering its forces by new and more potent efforts to subvert the Union, and endanger the safety of the State, which Mr. Hoar could not deny; they disgust moderate men of all sections, and they furnish the abolitionists with the materials for declamation and appeals to the passions, which are precisely what they want."—

NO BID.—By the laws of the United States, the crime, and the Slave Trade is Piracy, punishable with death. Mr. John Tyler, in his last annual Message, incites our people on the fact that we were the first to do so thoroughly with this infamous trade, compared with the nations of Europe, that if the free people of this country, who are the only people who have the right to be free, if the needy rascal who brings one Slave into this country deserves to be hung, what punishment should be meted out to John Tyler, C. J. Ingersoll & Co. who are exerting all their power to bring in *Tenney's Texas*. Will some dough-face cypher it out—ribune.

Musachusettica.—Daniel P. King has been re-elected to Congress in Essex South district; and Charles Judson, Whig, in the Worcester district. In Middlesex district, Benjamin Thompson, Whig, is elected over Wm. Farmer, Democrat, the present incumbent. According to the Boston Atlas, the vote was—Thompson 3366, Farmer 3447, against 1000. In the Bristol district, now represented by Henry Williams, Democrat, there is again no choice, as the only vacancy remaining. All the other districts are again represented by the same members.

member, compared with the delegation in the present Congress.

New Hampshire Militia Bill.—The bill providing a volunteer militia system, the Tories, numbered 100,000, and the House passed it on Wednesday, Dec. 18. On the vote vote the majority for it was 136. The bill abolishes militia training except of Volunteer Companies, whose members are to be paid for their services, \$3.00 per annum, each provides for an enrolment of all persons of age to military duty, on the 1st of April in each year, and requires the Adjutant General to report on the first of June ensuing. This bill, we regret to add, was lost in the Senate—8 to 4.

Affairs in Montreal.—Montreal is in a shocking state. There are certain bodies of armed men maintaining in defiance of the civil authorities, the execution of Lynch law upon all who call down their displeasure. And the most melancholy part of it is,

of the Government, if it does not openly encourage them, while at their disgraceful proceedings—before the bodies of the F. S. S. and the National Protective Society—meet the Cavalry, a mounted band of miscreants; and the Dorics, another "Self-Protective" body. The walls are daily covered with placards of their meetings, and they turn out as they are ordered with their bands of miscreants in public occasions. The Corporation election came on next Monday, and I much fear that there will be serious work. It is really a most fearful state of affairs. Civil law is openly put at defiance, and the right of way, and that of the people, is trampled on. Assuredly, the present Government has no answer for—in the peaceful government of So Carlos Barot, such proceedings never occurred—*Charles Glabe.*

¶ We understand that at the town meeting of the 10th inst., the resolutions of the 1st inst. regarding the decided character were passed in opposition to the annexation of Texas, instructing the representatives of that town in the General Court to affirm the resolutions of last year and the year before on that question, and to obtain the aid of the Legislature in carrying out the resolutions.

Resolutions, strongly condemning the imprisonment of Governor Dorr by the authorities of Rhode Island, passed in the N. H. House of Representatives by a vote of 179 to 43.

Southmead, the horse-thief and penitentiary bird, he testified so disinterestedly against Torrey, Sunday attempt, with others, to break into the Sunday night; but, his courage failing him, before the prosecution far, he very magnanimously gave the alarm for the good of the public!—of course!—*Baltimore inquirer.*

A mason named Ellenwood, from Dracut, who has been in the habit of going from work, in South Cove, to his boarding-house in Indiana Place, upon the back of the Worcester railroad, met a few days since with a frightful death. While passing to dinner, near the bridge across Washington-street, he heard

approach the passenger train, and y
on the other track to avoid it. Here he w
t by the freight train passing the other way
which he did not hear, and was carried some hund
yards by the cow-catcher, and then thrown of
rocked, bruised, a bloody and lifeless mass. An
quest was held upon the body of the unfortunate
man, and the verdict was in accordance with the e
ve facts.

THE directors of the Worcester Railroad have
decided to reduce the fare between Boston and Wor-

water to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

POETRY.

A PROPHECY.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

A rushing sound is in mine ear—a weight is on my brain,
And evermore to thrust it thence my spirit strives in vain—
Oh, heavy is my heart amid the leadenness of June,
For I feel a darkening shadow pass athwart the Summer noon.
It comes before me visibly, when midnight's curtains fall,
Like frescoed sketch of Angelo on some vast palace wall!
Oh! Brothers of New-England blood! while yet your steps are free,
Believe my spirit's agony! be warned by what I see!

Hark! dwellers of the Boundary, by Northern rivers cold,
Your Shepherds, set to guard the flock, themselves would rob the fold!
They sell you with your hard-won homes—the dwellings of your rest,
To buy a broader mart for Slaves, along the far South-West.
Oh! Western Borderer! slumber where the prairie-flame flies past,
Wet warder of the Stars and Stripes! sleep on the rocking mast;
Go slumber on the field where Chiefs their charging squadrons urge!
Go rest below the Ocean-mark when thundering comes the surge.

But, each and all! take heed ye watch with eagle eyes the day
When subtle Statesmen play their game—for you the stake must pay.
Lo! where in craft and rage they sit, while Truth in shame retires,
And high-souled Honor laughs to scorn their smouldering council-fires.
Wake, Freeman of the North! awake! for if ye slumber now,
Erewhile ye shall abide the curse of a nation's broken vow!
In tears and strife and blood your sons shall fearfully atone
For the day that sees ye madly grasp at regions not your own.

I see, I see their gathering wrath—the hands of Mexico—
And thick between the forest-trees starts up the Indian foe;
Their prayer despised, their faith betrayed, their children seized as slaves,
They come—to slay their hecatombs upon their fathers' graves.
Hark! to the shriek of women before the fierce marauder!
Right onward sweeps a storm of fire along your Southern border!
The City thresholds tremble to the tread of ruthless feet,
And the blood of slaughtered innocents doth drench the taken street.

Up, with your Southern chivalry, stout Carolina! come!
Aid! old Virginia! pour your sons from each ancestral home!
In vain—in vain! a foe is there your gallants quail before!
The insurgent Negro stands in blood on every household floor.
Now, brothers of the North, come on! those lordly Statesmen cry—
"The yoke you bent your necks to take, that yoke we now will try."
Tell up your numbers as we bring the Senate's ranks to view;
From the land of Penn to Mexico, we number more than you.

'So drop the plough, base laborers, now! ye white Slaves of the North!
And shed your blood to save the State and us, who show it forth.
You murmur, sluggish dolts! be hushed! and call to mind the day
When we played our game for Texas! for you the stake must pay!
Now Christ have mercy! still they stand in every mountain path,
And lion-like and terrible the silence of their wrath!
Then with a roar of rage and scorn they hail the tyrant order,
That bids them strike for Slavery upon the Southern border.

'No brothers now!—they sternly vow—the name we will not wear!
The bondage of such brotherhood our spirits scorn to bear!
Now bitterly we wake to feel that our strong hearts and bold
Have lost the stamp of honesty, of which our fathers told.
We heard your fair deceitful words, and yielded Freedom's trust,
That we might meanly share with you the pillage of the just.
But now we wake; and here we hide our pleasant homes to bless—
Your wives shall be the widows, and your children fatherless!
Vain dream of homes and blessings! Lo, your fate comes rushing on!
Amid the crushing wreck of States, ere hope and home are gone,
Oh turn ye to the living God! and with repentance pray—
Lord, save us perished! and perchance he will not say you nay.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing arms—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly levee rolling home!
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway—
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unaware!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and show
Their joyous peals abroad, and amite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

REFORMATORY.

From the Social Reformer.

NEW-ENGLAND FOURIER SOCIETY.
The Annual Meeting of the New-England Fourier Society will be held in Boston, on Wednesday, January 15, 1845, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A general attendance of the friends of the Association is earnestly requested.
GEO. RIPLEY, President.

TO THE FRIENDS OF SOCIAL REFORM.
Brothers and Friends—We invite your attendance to our first Annual Meeting, to be held in the city of Boston on Wednesday, the 15th day of January, 1845.

The time has arrived for a closer union with each other, for the attainment of that wisdom which is the fruit of combined councils, of that strength which proceeds from unity of purpose, and a common devotion to a noble cause.

The interest in the principles of Association which has been awakened during the past year, and the ready enthusiasm with which the integral reform has been welcomed, by the wisest, the earnest, the hopeful in all classes of society, the increasing discontent, so profoundly felt, so loudly expressed, with the present organization of industry, the demand, on the part of the working classes, for those guarantees, which are essential to the development of human nature, which are justly claimed as a portion of the inalienable birthright of man, the spirit of anxious inquiry which has been aroused so extensively among the most intelligent and conscientious men in the more favored classes, as in their own personal obligations to strive for the realization of a better order of society—the deep conviction of many, and the restless premonition of others, that a new age is about to open upon the world, an age of justice, truth, and fraternal co-operation, instead of the present system of selfishness, deception, and heartless competition—the bitter experience that political struggles and partial reforms are inadequate to meet the stern, uncompromising demands of Humanity for a complete emancipation from oppression and wrong for a speedy and effectual restoration to its inborn rights—all these significant facts in the aspect of the times, prompt us to issue our earnest summons to our brethren, to all who sympathize with us in our principles and our purposes, to aid us by their presence on the approaching anniversary, to instruct us by their councils, to inspire us with their zeal, to share with us their hopes, and to engage with us in the measures which faithful and friendly deliberation may suggest as best adapted to the exigencies of the times, and the progress of the peaceful social revolution, which, by the organization of industry, in accordance with universal laws, is to confer the richest blessings on the whole family of man.

Let the friends of industrial reform everywhere, be with us on this occasion. Let those who look for a higher social good, than any political triumphs can achieve, join with us in our councils. Let the workmen of our land come to the discussion of methods, that promise to make labor attractive, and to guarantee to the laborer his rights. Let our men of wealth unite in the furtherance of a plan which shall combine industry and capital in the hands of the rich and the poor. Let us come to our first annual gathering, all those true and dear friends with whom we have labored in common for the cause of reform, all those who have faith in a future condition of humanity, more just, more happy, more lovely, more divine, than the present; all those who are watching for the dawn of a brighter day, in the serene and cheerful hope that the harmonies of Nature, as displayed in the material universe, are to be triumphantly reproduced in the divine order and beauty of human society.

Oliver Johnson,
John Sawyer,
Rebecca B. Codman,
J. Butterfield,
J. K. Porter,
Josiah Walcott,
Henry P. Trask,
Henry W. Williams,
Mary A. W. Johnson,
John Allen,
Frederick S. Cabot,
Executive Committee.

Editors friendly to the Association movement will confer a favor by giving the above notice one column in their respective papers.
Boston, Nov. 1844.

SELECTIONS.

From the Christian Citizen.

LETTER FROM JOHN C. CALHOUN.
Boston, Dec. 12, 1844.

ELIOT BURRITT, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—The Morning Chronicle of May 2, 1844, copied a communication from your paper, originally furnished by Rev. C. T. Torrey. It related to the selling of a female slave by the Hon. John C. Calhoun. I cut from the Morning Chronicle this communication, enclosed it to Mr. Calhoun, and requested him to inform me if the charges were true. He has replied, and I send his communication, together with my letter to him. I have not a copy of the printed communication. I presume, however, you can easily find it, by referring to your file. If not, you will see that Mr. Calhoun copies the substantial part of it, if not the whole.

You will observe, my dear sir, that Mr. Calhoun, in a postscript, requests me to procure the publication of his reply in your paper. I deem it unnecessary for me to request you to do so, as I feel confident that your sense of justice would, at once, prompt you to do it.

With great respect,
Yours,
WM. C. BROWN.

HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN:
DEAR SIR—The writer of the enclosed is Rev. Charles T. Torrey, now in a jail in Baltimore, charged with aiding slaves to escape from bondage; an act which would call forth your highest gratitude, were you a slave in Algeria, and were some philanthropic individual to effect your escape. Is it any less a virtue in Mr. Torrey's case? No candid man can show that it is.

The Christian Citizen is published at Worcester, Mass., and edited by ELIOT BURRITT, the "Learned Blacksmith's" once.
I have been taught, my dear sir, to look upon you as a man of great talents and a pure character. Are the charges made in the enclosed true? If not true literally, are they true in substance? Or are they totally untrue?

We look upon such things with great horror in the North. We cannot see that they are any less crimes than if done to white persons. The idea that color makes any difference, is too absurd for an argument.

I sign my proper name to this note. I have a brother in Washington City, attached to the Library of the House of Representatives, and an unwilling adherent to the Democratic party, who knows me well.

Respectfully, yours,
WM. C. BROWN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14th, 1844.
DEAR SIR—I have received your note enclosing an article from the Christian Citizen, headed "John C. Calhoun," and written by the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, as you state.

The Reverend author states that three years since, he (John C. Calhoun) sold another man's wife for a hurler; she was the wife of his coachman, a beautiful and pious girl; a member of the Methodist church. The purchaser was a planter in Alabama; the price \$1400. Some months after the sale, the poor husband having been sent into the upper part of South Carolina with a coach, for a member of Mr. Calhoun's white family, took the opportunity to flee. He went to Alabama; sought and found his injured wife, and fled in the night on foot. After weeks of hunger and toil, they reached the upper part of Maryland. The wife, a delicate woman, was taken sick and died. Three days the sorrowing man wept over her remains. At last he buried her with his hands, and then, on the next day, he sailed for Canada. I saw him some months ago, a sad, gloomy, and heartbroken man.

You have been taught, you say, to look on me as a man of great talents and pure character, and ask, "are the above charges true? If not true literally, are they true in substance? Or are they totally untrue?" Believing your motive for making these enquiries to originate in friendly feelings and a desire to know the truth, I will answer you. They, then, are not only not true, either literally or in substance, but are totally untrue, and without a shadow of foundation; and have been fabricated by some artful scoundrel, for the purpose of making me a tool, or with some one else for a still baser purpose. My character as a master is, I trust, as irreproachable as I hope it is in all the other relations of life. I regard my relation to those who belong to me, in the double aspect of master and guardian, and am as careful to discharge the duties appertaining to each, as I am to those who are dependent on me. How far the Reverend author stands justified before God and man for publishing the base and unfounded charges he has against me, or for violating the laws of the land, in perpetrating the act for which he is imprisoned, I leave it to others to decide.

With respect,
Yours, &c. &c.
J. C. CALHOUN.

If I am right, as to the motives which induced you to address me on this subject, of course you will take steps to have this published in the journal through which the slander was propagated. I will thank you if you will forward the paper containing it to me.
J. C. C.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.
IS GOV. SEWARD A POLITICAL ABOLITIONIST?

He has been long looked upon as such, but it was not anticipated, long as it is of letter writing, that he would sign a declaration of his position, as he has done; nor was it expected at so early a day, to see that abomination of desolation, the Abolition Flag, unfurled in the Whig camp. As however it has made its appearance, it will be permitted to pass unchallenged. Here is the letter from Governor Seward to Gerrit Smith, hitherto the leader of the Abolition party.

ALBANY, Nov. 35th, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR:—On my return from Orange county, I find your very kind letter of the 21st inst. regret that I missed an interview with you in Albany.

You do me no more than justice in supposing that I shall continue the contest, or rather my exertions in the contest, for Human Rights, with as much zeal as ever. But I am confounded for the moment by the magnitude and immensity of the peril to which the cause of Freedom is exposed, by the sad result of the recent election. It would be unavailing for you and me to dispute about the responsibilities for that result. The same wide difference of opinion, that has hitherto existed in regard to our respective courses, remains. But we have nevertheless a common devotion to the common cause. All the efforts of all sincere lovers of freedom will be necessary to overcome the triumphant spirit of Slavery, and to bring to the rescue of the American people. You are committed to the Liberty party's mode of proceeding. I find the Whig party like what I always loved to imagine it, firm, fearless, and willing to do every thing to make the cause of Freedom victorious. You are not without reason, and much less apparent reason than I have heretofore, to distrust its instincts of Liberty and Humanity. Under these circumstances, I shall cheerfully abide its destinies, and wait for the development of circumstances and occasions, which will show in what quarter and in what manner, the great war, in which we have lost so important a battle, is to be recommenced.

If you suggested to me to go westward, I shall be happy to see you and converse with you freely upon the present posture of public affairs, and the best manner of conducting the regard to them in reference to the subversion of slavery.

Believe me, always sincerely,
Your friend and obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GERRIT SMITH, Esq.

What evidence can be more conclusive that Gov. Seward has gone over to the abolition party; and not only so, but that he hopes to induce the Whig party to go with him, and take the abolition party into his keeping? And yet the Evening Star reads the letter as a denial that Gov. Seward has left the Whig party. The communication in the Madison County Eagle had charged him with advocating, at a Whig Mass Meeting, the cause of abolitionism, instead of inculcating Whig doctrines and enforcing Whig principles. Yet in this letter deny the charge? No. He glories in it. The Journal will find but few who concur with it in its understanding of the letter, and Gov. Seward is doomed to the mortification of learning that the Whig party is not willing, nor yet capable to take the lead in the resolution of the Whig party, and that the Abolition Flag will not be endorsed in the Whig camp, let who will be the bearer of it.
GREENBUSH.

LETTER FROM ALBERT GALLATIN.

New-York, Dec. 17th, 1844.

DEAR SIR—I have received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion respecting the constitutional character of the resolution annexing Texas by a legislative act, now before Congress. Had not that resolution been proposed, I should not have thought that there could be a difference of opinion on that subject.

A doubt has been suggested, whether the general government has the right, by its sole authority, to add a foreign independent State to the Union; and I have ever been of opinion that conditions may occur, in a treaty made by the Congress, and the Senate, such as may bind the United States to pay a sum of money, which would require the free assent of Congress before such conditions could be carried into effect. But it is unnecessary on this occasion to discuss those questions. That now at issue is simply this: In whom is the power of making treaties vested by the Constitution? The United States have recognized the independence of Texas; and every compact between independent nations is a treaty.

The Constitution of the United States declares that "the President shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provide two-thirds of the Senators concurring." This power is not given to Congress by any clause of the Constitution.

The intended joint resolution proposes that the treaty of annexation between the United States of America and the Republic of Texas, signed on the 12th of April, 1844, (which treaty is recited verbatim in the resolution) shall, by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, be declared to be the fundamental law of union between the said United States and Texas, so soon as the supreme authority of the said Republic of Texas shall agree to the same.

The Senate had refused to give its consent to the said treaty, and the resolution declares that it shall nevertheless be made by Congress a fundamental law binding the United States. It transfers to a majority of both Houses of Congress, with the approval of the President, and to two-thirds of both Houses without his approval, the power of making treaties, which, by the Constitution, was expressly and exclusively vested in the President with the consent of two-thirds of the Senate. It substitutes for a written Constitution, which distributes and defines powers, the supremacy, or as it is called, the omnipotence of a British Parliament. The resolution is evidently a direct, and, in its present shape, an undisguised usurpation of power and violation of the Constitution.

It was as difficult to show that it is not in line at war with the spirit than with the letter of that

instrument; and that the provision which requires the consent of two-thirds of the Senate, was intended as a guarantee of the States' Rights, and to protect the weaker against the abuse of the treaty-making power, if vested in a bare majority. But the case appears to me so clear that I would fear to obscure that which is self-evident, by adding an argument to the simple recital of the constitutional provision, and of the proposed resolution.

I have the honor to be, with high consideration and personal regard, dear sir, your most obedient servant,
ALBERT GALLATIN.
David Dudley Field, Esq., New-York.

MR. MILLER AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

The following extract is taken from a letter which appears in the Advent Herald, written by this deluded, but well-meaning man to the editor of that paper. It contains some wholesome confessions.

The causes which required God's chastising hand upon us, were, in my humble opinion, *Pride, Fanaticism and Sectarianism*. *Pride* worked in many ways. We ascribed our conquest in argument over our opponents to ourselves. We were seeking the honors or applause of men, more than God. We were some of us seeking to be leaders, instead of being servants; boasting too much of our doings. And *Fanaticism*, I know our enemies accused of this before we were guilty; but I do not excuse us for running into it. A thousand expressions were used, without thought or reflection, and I thought some times very irreverently, such as, "Blessed God," &c. I was afraid I began to preach this blessed truth of outward piety, rather than as the hidden manner of the heart. Sometimes our meetings were distinguished by noise and confusion; and forgive me, brethren, if I express myself too strongly, it appeared to me more like Babel, than a solemn assembly of pious hearts, engaged in humble reverent before a holy God. I have often obtained more evidence of inward piety from a kneeling eye, a wet cheek, and a choked utterance, than from all the noise in Christendom. *Sectarianism*, this is always produced by some private opinion of man, rather than by the plain declaration of God's word. For years I began to preach this blessed truth of Christ at the door, I never, if possible to avoid it, alluded to sectarian principles; and the first objection my Baptist brethren brought against me, was, I mixed with, and preached unto all denominations, even to Unitarians, &c. But we have recently, my brethren, been guilty of raising up a sect, and for the very things which our fathers did when they became sects, we have been doing. We have, like them, cried "Babylon! Babylon!" against all *Adventists*. We have proclaimed and discussed, "pro et contra," many sectarian dogmas, which have nothing to do with our message. May God forgive us. And now, brethren, we have need of patience, that after we have done the will of God, we may receive the promise.

Yours as ever,
WM. MILLER.

Low Hampton, Dec. 3, 1844.

As an illustration of the extent to which the fanaticism of some of Mr. Miller's followers went, take the following monstrous statement which was gravely published in the "Midnight Cry," some time since: "In the town of Plymouth, Conn., at the house of Br. A. W. in a second-story room, a brother lost his strength—lay prostrate on the floor before the fire. The fire was not burning up, but there was a good deal of smoke. The tops of the andirons were so hot, no one could bear his hand upon them. As the brother lay directly before the fire, he seemed drawn by an unseen power directly into the fire. His head and shoulders were plunged directly into the bed of coals. His head went back to the back of the chimney; he lay in this situation for about half an hour. While there, one or two came up and examined him, and found that God was taking the matter into his own hand, and did not interfere. While the coils presented the appearance of being blown on by a bellows—speaking directly from his head—the andirons, against which his cheek lay, was hot enough to his. After lying there for the specified time, he was drawn out in the same manner as he was drawn in. My examined him, and not even a hair of his head was singed, or even the smell of fire upon him. As strange, yet common, the case was, it was established by two or three eye-witnesses. The following persons, all of Bristol, testify to this wonderful fact: A. S. MIX, WILSON SHELTON, E. H. NORTON, ALVAN M. TYRRELL."

MISERABLE SINNERS!

See here is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves, "miserable sinners!" Miserable sinners indeed! O! what floods of turpitude, and turpitude of blood, and blood of sinners have been sacrificed to make these sinners properly miserable!—My lady there with the emerald tippet and dragging leather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India director? She has been to the Opera over-night—(indeed her husband on her right, with hand dangle, and in a second-story room, a brother lost his strength—lay prostrate on the floor before the fire. The fire was not burning up, but there was a good deal of smoke. The tops of the andirons were so hot, no one could bear his hand upon them. As the brother lay directly before the fire, he seemed drawn by an unseen power directly into the fire. His head and shoulders were plunged directly into the bed of coals. His head went back to the back of the chimney; he lay in this situation for about half an hour. While there, one or two came up and examined him, and found that God was taking the matter into his own hand, and did not interfere. While the coils presented the appearance of being blown on by a bellows—speaking directly from his head—the andirons, against which his cheek lay, was hot enough to his. After lying there for the specified time, he was drawn out in the same manner as he was drawn in. My examined him, and not even a hair of his head was singed, or even the smell of fire upon him. As strange, yet common, the case was, it was established by two or three eye-witnesses. The following persons, all of Bristol, testify to this wonderful fact: A. S. MIX, WILSON SHELTON, E. H. NORTON, ALVAN M. TYRRELL."

Another case of Homicide.—The colored man John Haines, who was assaulted and wounded by another colored man, named Allen, in a fight on the 16th inst., died at the Hospital yesterday.

The colored man Allen, who is in prison, is the son of the well-known colored preacher by that name. He has for a long time borne the character of being a very vicious individual.—*Phil. A. Am., Tuesday.*

Melancholy and Sudden Death.—Deacon Samuel P. Cowles, of Marcellus, died very suddenly, in a strange way, on Tuesday last. He was in the company of a friend, who congratulated him on his healthy appearance, near the Salina St. bridge, he was struck with a fit of apoplexy, fell, and died almost instantly.—*Syracuse Journal, Dec. 11.*

Strange Accident.—We learn from the Boston Courier that Mr. John Waters, 70 years of age, Secretary of the New-England Marine Insurance Company, reading at No. 36 Elliot street, arose yesterday morning, and after dressing himself, being in a state of somnolence, or temporarily confused, instead of passing down stairs, went upwards, and opened a scuttle, and walked on board made to their captives in the yard below. He broke the bones of both his ankles and feet, and probably sustained some other injuries.

Capture of a Pirate.—Trieste, 30th Oct. 1844.—We have news of the capture of an extraordinary large and well-equipped piratical bark, named the "Avenge." This vessel was taken into Trieste, and the disclosure the hands on board made to their captives were beyond conception. Their confessions are not fully known, but this much is true—The bark has been cruising piratically, for the last two years, and in that time there have been no less than 200 murders committed by the crew, and six ships, three barks, one brig, and eleven schooners taken and plundered by her. The amount of treasure found on board the vessel was immense. She is an English built vessel with tall, raking masts, and of about 700 tons burthen, very sharp and deep.

ANVIL CALAMITY.—A woman and six children died to death.—It is our painful duty to record one of the most heart-rending calamities that has occurred in this section of the country. The house and barn of Mr. Seymour F. Benedict, a few miles from the village of Walton, was destroyed by fire about one o'clock on Sunday morning, 6th inst., and not till his wife and six children perished in the flames.—*Deiki Gaz.*

Another dreadful calamity explosion had occurred at Cwm Aron, Neath, Wales, by which fifty or sixty lives were lost. The works were so badly shattered that only four bodies had been recovered at the last accounts, and the extent of the loss had not been ascertained.

Philanthropic Philanthropy.—Barque California, Goldsmith master, cleared at Boston Monday last, 9th ult., for the coast of Africa. Passengers, Geo. Perkins, Agent, and Mrs. Perkins, and four children. MIS- SIONARIES. Cargo, 150 hhds. 200 bbls. (25,750 galls.) N. E. RUM—35 baskets CHAMPAGNE—25 doz. MADEIRA—35 doz. PORT WINE—25 boxes Lemon Syrup—12,000 (GALLONS) 120 galls. Spirit Turpentine—2,124 lbs. FOWDER—Yards owned and cleared by Houghton and Perkins. Pretty assortment this, from moral and religious Bibles, MISSIONARIES, RUM, FOWDER, and CIGARS!

Curious.—During the witch mania in this country, there was only one trial for witchcraft in Pennsylvania. Wm. Penn presided at the trial, and the verdict of the jury was a curious one.—Guilty of the common crime of being a witch; but not guilty as charged in the indictment.

Partnership.—"I say, stranger, you're drunk!" "Drunk enough, and have been so for two years." My brother and I are engaged in the temperance cause—he goes about delivering lectures, and I give samples of intemperance."

Steam Whistle.—A valuable application of this melodious instrument is to give warning of the exhausted state of steam-boilers, or when the water in them has fallen to the spot "dangerous." Then, and not till then, the steam gains access to and rushes up a tube there placed and connected with a whistle, which immediately becomes the mouthpiece of the boiler, and shrieks, "I want water, or I shall burst!"

Be Good Humored with a Mob.—In Breslau, Germany, a mob was getting pretty fast into what is called "the full tide of successful experiment," when a proclamation appeared in different parts of the city, announcing that "The revolution can't go on, on account of the sudden hoarseness of the journey-men boot-makers!" This tally of wit put the mob in good humor, and they almost immediately dispersed.

An eminent man was once asked from whom he received the first lesson of wisdom. "From the blind," replied he, "who never take a step until they have felt the ground before them."

In a correspondence on the subject of a Life of Oliver Cromwell, by the late Mr. Southey, Mr. Murray, the bookseller, states that at least £200,000 have been paid to authors for the copyright alone of the articles furnished to the Quarterly Review.

From the Mobile Herald, Dec. 14.

Dreadful Occurrence.—By passengers from New-England's Landing, in the lower part of Dallas county, we learn the particulars of a most terrible scene of violence performed near that place on the night of Thursday week. A party of nine men, with blackened faces and otherwise disguised, made an attack upon the house of an old man, named Burge, the object of which, it is supposed, was, by threats and punishment, to drive him from the possession of his land. Burge closed his doors and prepared to defend himself. The aggressors were armed, and attempted to beat down the doors. In the attack, the old man was killed; and his son so dreadfully wounded as to preclude all hope of recovery. One of the daughters, a woman of 18, escaped from the house, and was killed about two hundred yards distance from it, a ball entering her right side below the arm, and coming out on the other side below the heart. It is said that, at the time she was killed, she was on her knees supplicating the murderers for mercy. Another younger sister was wounded slightly in the hand.

In the defence made by Burge, a man named Holloway was killed, and another, Davis, was so wounded that there was no chance of his survival. The rest of the scoundrels fled. Several of them, we are informed, whose names are McElroy and Harris, arrived here on Wednesday last, and immediately took passage for New-England.

The attack was made about nine o'clock in the evening, and the dreadful result of it was exciting a great deal of feeling in Dallas county. A party was collecting for the purpose of aiding in the arrest of the murderers. All the parties, it is said, were men of good standing. Burge was industrious, and had amassed his little property by frugality and hard work.

Dreadful Steam-Boat Accident.—We find the following particulars of a melancholy steamboat accident in the Louisville Journal of the 20th Dec.

About 12 o'clock, on Saturday night, the 14th inst., as the Belle of Clarksville, from New Orleans for Nashville, was rounding the bar below the Horse Shoe Cut-off, she came in collision with the Louisiana from Memphis, on her way to New-Orleans. The Belle of Clarksville did not obey her helm, but sheered off, by which she came directly across the bow of the Louisiana, and the cabin floated to Old Town landing, about twenty-five miles below Helena. The Louisiana took from the fragments all the persons on them. As far as can be ascertained, thirty-one lives were lost. Below we give a list of them.

Names of passengers lost, nearly all of whom were residents of West Tennessee. William Tabb, P. Linn, W. Linn, J. Ravan, R. Malise, N. Sills, William Jones, W. Whitley, N. Allen, A. Kiskadee, J. Aske, Hyer, son of J. W. Hull, J. Peay, Jno. Holliday, (assistant engineer), 4 negroes belonging to J. Peay, 12 negro hands belonging to the boat—31.

Mormon and Indian Outrage.—The Warsaw Signal of the 4th Dec. confirms a rumor, put forth the week previous, in relation to the fact of Lyman Wright and his band of Mormons, in a fight at a trading station, about ninety miles above Prairie du Chien. It appears that Wright's band were suffering for the want of provisions, but by their own hands they dispersed over the country to find employment. In order to relieve them, he went to the traders, and finding that they had flour, he tried to get some on credit; but was refused. He then took thirty men, and told the traders that if they did not let him have the flour, he would take it. He was denied, and made the attack on the store. The French and Indians fired on his men, and killed four on the spot, and it is supposed that nearly all fell in the retreat.

Another case of Homicide.—The colored man John Haines, who was assaulted and wounded by another colored man, named Allen, in a fight on the 16th inst., died at the Hospital yesterday. The colored man Allen, who is in prison, is the son of the well-known colored preacher by that name. He has for a long time borne the character of being a very vicious individual.—*Phil. A. Am., Tuesday.*

Melancholy and Sudden Death.—Deacon Samuel P. Cowles, of Marcellus, died very suddenly, in a strange way, on Tuesday last. He was in the company of a friend, who congratulated him on his healthy appearance, near the Salina St. bridge, he was struck with a fit of apoplexy, fell, and died almost instantly.—*Syracuse Journal, Dec. 11.*

Strange Accident.—We learn from the Boston Courier that Mr. John Waters, 70 years of age, Secretary of the New-England Marine Insurance Company, reading at No. 36 Elliot street, arose yesterday morning, and after dressing himself, being in a state of somnolence, or temporarily confused, instead of passing down stairs, went upwards, and opened a scuttle, and walked on board made to their captives in the yard below. He broke the bones of both his ankles and feet, and probably sustained some other injuries.

Capture of a Pirate.—Trieste, 30th Oct. 1844.—We have news of the capture of an extraordinary large and well-equipped piratical bark, named the "Avenge." This vessel was taken into Trieste, and the disclosure the hands on board made to their captives were beyond conception. Their confessions are not fully known, but this much is true—The bark has been cruising piratically, for the last two years, and in that time there have been no less than 200 murders committed by the crew, and six ships, three barks, one brig, and eleven schooners taken and plundered by her. The amount of treasure found on board the vessel was immense. She is an English built vessel with tall, raking masts, and of about 700 tons burthen, very sharp and deep.

ANVIL CALAMITY.—A woman and six children died to death.—It is our painful duty to record one of the most heart-rending calamities that has occurred in this section of the country. The house and barn of Mr. Seymour F. Benedict, a few miles